ſhall grow ſtronger then twas before.

Caſ. You aduiſe me well.

Iag. I proteſt in the ſincerity of loue and honeſt kindneſſe.

Caſ. I thinke it freely, and betimes in the morning, will I beſeech the vertuous *Deſdemona*, to vndertake for me; I am deſperate of my fortunes, if they checke me here.

Iag. You are in the right:
Good night Leiutenant, I muſt to the watch.

Caſ. Good night honeſt *Iago.* *Exit.*

Iag. And what's he then, that ſayes I play the villaine,
When this aduice is free I giue, and honeſt,
Proball to thinking, and indeed the courſe,
To win the Moore agen? For tis moſt eaſie
The inclining *Deſdemona* to ſubdue,
In any honeſt ſuite, ſhe's fram'd as fruitfull,
As the free Elements: and then for her
To win the Moore, wer't to renounce his baptiſme,
All ſeales and ſymbols of redeemed ſin,
His ſoule is ſo infetter'd to her loue,
That ſhe may make, vnmake, doe what ſhe liſt,
Euen as her appetite ſhall play the god
With his weake function: how am I then a villaine?
To counſell *Caſsio* to this parrallell courſe.
Directly to his good: diuinity of hell,
When diuells will their blackeſt ſins put on,
They doe ſuggeſt at firſt with heauenly ſhewes,
As I doe now: for while this honeſt foole
Plyes *Deſdemona* to repaire his fortunes,
And ſhe for him, pleades ſtrongly to the Moore:
I'le poure this peſtilence into his eare,
That ſhe repeales him for her bodyes luſt;
And by how much ſhe ſtriues to doe him good,
She ſhall vndoe her credit with the Moore,
So will I turne her vertue into pitch,
And out of her owne goodneſſe make the net
That ſhall enmeſh em all: *Enter* Roderigo.
How now *Roderigo*?

Rod.